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CHAIN - GANGED

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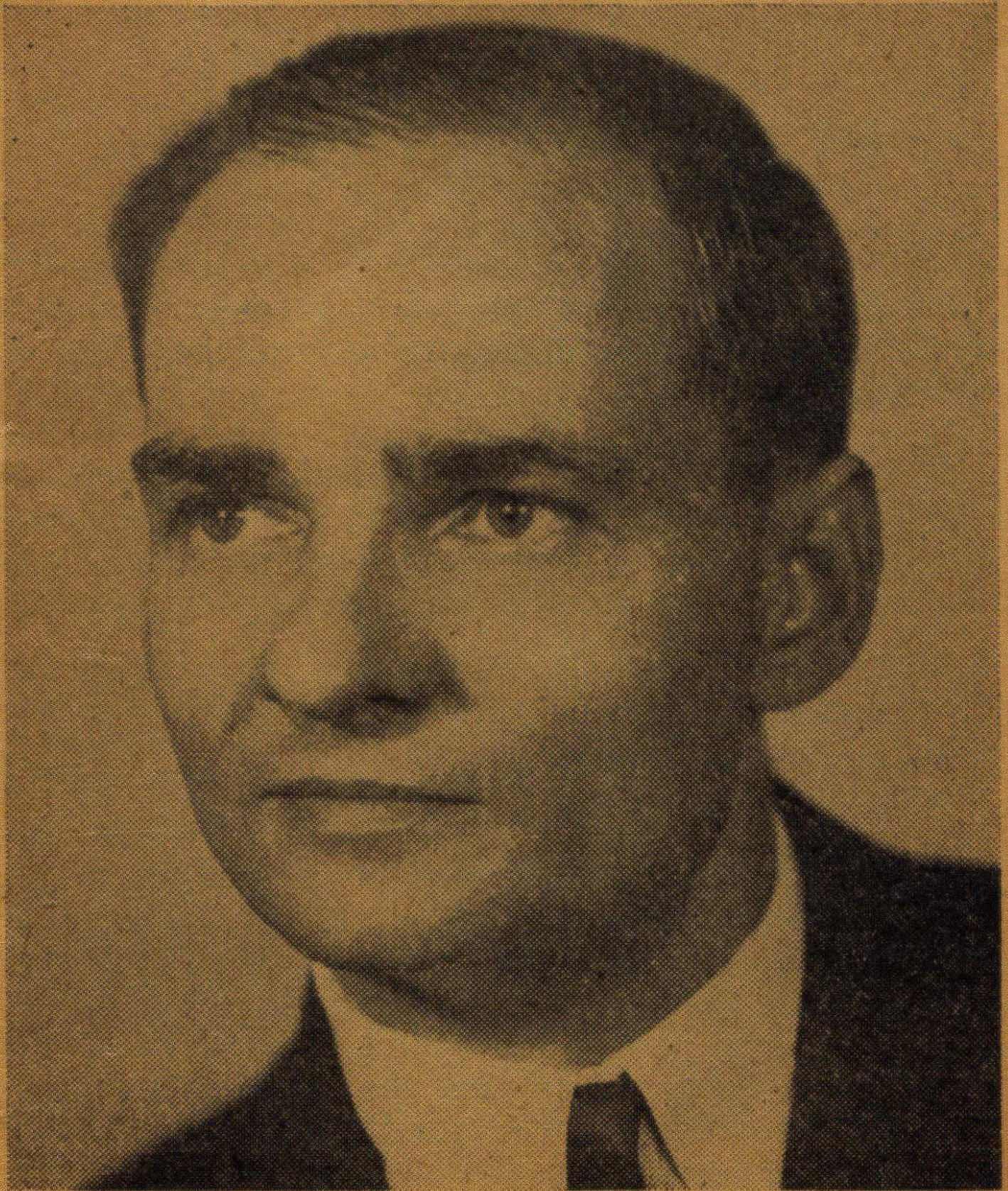
JEWISH GESTAPO

By

EMORY BURKE

Publisher's Note: The story of Emory Burke is one of the sensational stories of this century. He is a native Southerner and is Southern in his habits and manner in the fullest sense of the word. For years Mr. Burke has been concerned with the problems affecting American sovereignty, race purity and traditional Americanism. He loves his country with a passionate love and is still willing to give his life for the preservation of our American ideals. His experience with the Jewish gestapo, operating out of New York City and Atlanta, Georgia, has been such as to be almost unbelievable. We present his story herewith because we have confirmed the truth of everything that he says.

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EMORY BURKE

CHAIN - GANGED BY THE JEWISH GESTAPO

I am today under sentence of three years to the Georgia chain gang. Thanks to the friends of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, I am able to appeal the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia and am carrying my fight for liberty to the Supreme Court of the United States. I was framed by the organized Jews who bought perjured testimony, intimidated witnesses and corrupted public officials. This is the story of my life, my background and my experience with the Jewish gestapo.

In the Southland, as in the country as a whole, there are two basically opposing traditions forever engaged in a mortal struggle with each other to determine which is to be the guiding outlook of the future. The one is the supreme objective and tradition of the Whiteman; namely, the saving of his heritage, his self-respect and his future. The other tradition is the one of the Carpet-Bagger, Scalawag, and Negro Tyranny. I am a product of the Whiteman's tradition, and I am proud to proclaim that I fight in its ranks. In saving the Southland's tradition of the Whiteman we shall save America, and in saving America we shall save the whole White World from the starkly threatening menace of

tyranny and slavery under the Hammer and Sickle of World Communism. With these thoughts in mind early in 1946 I decided to do my part in preserving and helping the White community of the Southland, which is—expanded and projected into a higher level—the entire White community of America. The noble tradition of the Whiteman of the Southland must expand, and absorb unto itself the total tradition of the Whiteman of America. In this sense I feel that the Whiteman of the South has a distinct and historic mission to carry out, that he will succeed in accomplishing not alone an historic task for the South, but for America and the White World as a whole. The values of the Whiteman of the Southland are not gone with the wind, but are living and breathing realities, and upon them rest the future of the whole Whiteman's World. In the Southland—and almost in the Southland alone—the traditional Whiteman's Way of Life still lives in the daily living, and in the heart's places of deepest convictions, in the millions of her Whitemen and Whitewomen. In this redoubt of the old American faith, and way of life, still lives the spirit of the early Americans. We Whitemen of the South must take up the banners of this old faith and march under them from our redoubt into the task of winning the hearts of all of our White brethren in America. Early in 1946 these thoughts kept pounding into my consciousness. Several of my friends and I organized the Columbians. We rented an

office, installed a telephone, and on August 17, 1946 the State of Georgia granted us a charter and we were incorporated with the title "*The Columbians, Inc.*" with myself as president. We were incorporated as a political organization to work for the advancement of the White citizens of Georgia and America; we stated that we opposed Communism and believed in honoring American traditions. Our charter envisioned an organization of the nativist character. I proposed then, as I propose now, to fight the Whiteman's battle and let the chips fall where they will. We fought, however, the Zionist and Communist organizations, and associated movements, not on the basis of individuals within them but on the basis of the organized whole of these anti-American organizations. We proposed to elect men to public office who would represent the great mass of the White citizenry, men who would not be held in bondage by any of the special-interest groups, regardless of their nature whether economic, social, racial, cultural, or otherwise. We maintained that the Jews of the Zionist movement are primarily concerned with the future of the Jews as a nationality, and the future of Israel as a sovereign state. Their first loyalty—allegiance—cannot be to the American future, but to the Jewish future. They do not, therefore, form a part of our people; they should not have the right to hold public office in our society, and should not have the power to direct our political affairs. The Stars and Stripes is just the

flag representing the land in which they live; the flag for which they have real devotion is the Star of David flag of Israel. We fought for the repeal of the amendments to the Constitution which were illegally ratified over the prostrate form of the Southland, while she was living in the terror of Negro bayonets under the direction of the hated Thad Stevens. We published the writings of Jefferson, Madison, Washington, and others among the Founding Fathers on the Negro Question. We believed that it is self-evident that the Negroes form a separate and distinct people from the White community, and all of our literature and speaking carried forward this thought. We favored the enactment of national legislation prohibiting intermarriage between the races, establishing the segregation pattern of the Southland throughout the country, and eventually the creation of a Negro homeland in Africa as was strongly advocated by Lincoln, and all of the Founding Fathers. We welcomed all members of the Whiteman's community into our fellowship, but we worked mainly among the underprivileged—those of our brothers and sisters that many of the politicians are wont to call "poor white trash." I despise that dirty attitude of narrow class-consciousness just as deeply as I despise the Marxist kind of class-consciousness. But regardless of what these vicious, anti-social and class-conscious Scalawags may think, the miserable slums will yet come down—profits or no profits to their

clients on the misery of a people—and the eroded acres in our rural areas will blossom forth with milk and honey and beautiful timberlands. The war has proved that our capacity to produce the things that our people need is practically unlimited. In one way or another our gigantic industrial machine is going to do just that. Under a patriotic leadership of our people this task can be accomplished along the traditional landmarks of the existing economic system. The alternative is Communism. In the future the class-consciousness of the right will perish along with the class-consciousness of the left. In spite of the smugness of some of our financially well-off White brethren, there are far fewer betrayers of the Whiteman's Way of Life among the simple and hard-working young textile workers and farmers than there are among their sons and daughters who go off to college and come back home confirmed Mongrelizers and Marxists.

OUR SYMBOLISM

The name "*Columbia*" is the poetical name of America. I designed the flag of the organization. Its background is the Battle Flag of the Confederacy, the square four foot by four foot flag of Lee and Jackson with the red field and the blue cross of St. Andrew. Over this background of the organization's flag is a large white disc and inscribed upon it is a red lightning-bolt. As we today sleep within the vicious embrace of alien octopus-coils, the lightning-

bolt and its thunder must awaken us to the heavy duties involved in the survival, spiritually and physically, of our people and race. This is the meaning of the lightning-bolt symbol. I also designed a lightning-bolt lapel insignia, and hundreds of shoulder insignia were embroidered by the faithful womenfolk of the organization. Most of the members were either veterans or workers and khaki clothing grew to be considered as the uniform of the organization.

OUR PUBLICATION

The Columbian organization published a paper titled "*The Thunderbolt*." The letters of the title were in the form of lightning, the design of which I took from a book titled "*The Son of Thunder*," an epic story revolving around the life of the great statesman of the South, the great champion of the Whiteman's Way of Life and one of the first thinkers to interpret it as a philosophy and world-outlook, the great Ante Bellum Whiteman, the great Robert Toombs, and was written by the well-known author and lecturer William W. Brewton, of College Park, Georgia, who is a very good friend of mine. Toombs was known as "*The Son of Thunder*" because of his great and powerful orations on the floor of the United States Senate. In designing the title of the paper I was anxious to remind our Whitefolk that we need oratorical giants today who can hurl out

thunderous oratorical lightning at our enemies, even more than we did four and five score years ago. We called upon our people to awaken.

WE HOLD A GREAT MEETING

Our people were thirsting to hear the truths which we gave them. We spoke straight from our hearts. At first the newspapers ignored us. But we were out to help our people, the great rank-and-file of the White people, and we were quite unconcerned about what the Jewish-controlled newspapers thought about us. Neither were we out to gain the plaudits of the Jewish and Negro peoples. Dan Duke, Assistant Attorney General of Georgia at the time, is a well-known Jew-puppet. He often goes to New York, sits with Negroes at banquets, and ascertains the wishes of the Jewish leaders, and the big-shots of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Duke about this time went to work with certain Jewish leaders and decided that the Columbians had to be stopped or he would not have a political future. On October 18 we attracted to our meeting a larger crowd than most of the politicians could muster. For several days we had advertised it with leaflets, given out in house-to-house distribution, and with our sound trucks. More than three thousand persons attended the meeting. We attacked Helen Mankin, who was running for Congress and making a strong appeal for Negro votes, and supported the late Eugene Talmadge, the venerable and well-known fighter for White Supremacy

in Georgia. I knew Mr. Talmadge and used to talk with him by the hours in his hotel suite in Atlanta. Not long before his death he called me and asked that I visit him. Before I could do so he was in the hospital and on the point of death. I have wondered many times why he made that call and the nature of the matter that he wished to discuss with me. But we not only discussed specific issues but general principles and ultimate objectives. The crowd howled and yelled approval. I knew when the meeting was over that the enemy was frantic. The *Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith* and the *Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League* went to work. These are two of the deadly fangs of the Jewish-Gestapo octopus.

THE JEWISH-GESTAPO APPEARS

One day a man who said his name was James Falco and a woman who said her name was Renee Forrest appeared in our offices. John Roy Carlson, author of the smear books "*Undercover*" and "*The Plotters*"—who in reality is an Armenian mongrel named Derounian—was in Atlanta at the time giving lectures against Talmadge, and the Columbians. I knew these people were agents of the enemy at first sight. I was quite sure they were agents of Derounian, who was supposed to be writing another book, and that he wanted to devote a chapter to the Columbians, to which I had no objection. The trash dished out by Derounian, Winchell, and their ilk help the Whiteman's cause. These liars later said

they gained my confidence, but the fact is I had only one lengthy conversation with them. They were in our offices altogether only a few hours, and during that time they were closely watched by our officer workers. But we were sold-out from within our organization. Two of the young men—Ralph Childers and Lanier Waller—who were working in our offices did not know the meaning of what we were striving to accomplish. Later Lanier Waller, after he had broken with the Anti-Nazi League and signed an affidavit attesting to my innocence and those associated with me, told me the story I am about to relate showing how this Communist-front espionage organization used the good name of the State of Georgia to frame-up its enemies, by using some of the mongrelizer and scalawag officials as its puppets and stooges.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE JEWISH-GESTAPO

The real name of James Falco is Mario Buzzi, and that of Renee Forrest is Renee Fruchtbaum. One night after a meeting they succeeded in getting one of the girls in our office to go out with them to a night-club. Buzzi and Fruchtbaum promised this girl a job as a model in New York at seventy-five dollars per week, and ease and plenty the rest of her life, if she would turn against the Columbians. The two Jewish-Gestapo agents were leaving for New York that night by air and would leave an airplane ticket at the airport for her in case she decided to go up there. They left the New York

telephone number of the Anti-Nazi League with her. The next morning at the Columbian offices she told everyone there about her experience of the night before. Ralph Childers and Lanier Waller overheard what she had to say. They put their heads together and decided they would play the role of Judas. They called Buzzi and Fruchtbaum in New York and another airplane ticket was sent down and by the next morning both of them were put up in a suite of rooms in a swank New York hotel, with all of the liquor and women they could want.

MONEY, LIQUOR AND WOMEN

Buzzi threw dollar tips to bell-hops and bus-boys and told Childers and Waller that if they would play their cards right they would soon be doing the same. They were drunk about all the time they were in New York. Wild parties of mixed Whites and Negroes went on every night. The young men were introduced to Herman Hoffman, president of the Anti-Nazi Gestapo; Isadore Lipschutz, treasurer, a Jew-refugee diamond broker from Belgium who at that time was not even a citizen of the United States and could speak only broken and gibberish English and James H. Sheldon, administrative chairman of the Gestapo. Sheldon did at that time, and does today, have a Negress as his private secretary. Buzzi told Waller that he was a member of the Communist Party, and everyone in the Gestapo offices talked in praise of Communism. After a

week or so of this wild life, and after signing many lying affidavits while in drunken condition, Sheldon, Buzzi, Fruchtbaum, Childers and Waller took an airplane for Atlanta.

DAN DUKE THE ARCH JEWISH-GESTAPO STOOGES

The three Jewish-Gestapo agents put up in suites in one hotel, and Childers and Waller put up in a suite in another hotel. On the morning of their arrival the five of them went to the office of Dan Duke. After a hasty conference Duke told two Georgia Bureau of Investigation agents to accompany Waller and Buzzi on a quest to buy some dynamite. He also had a carload of newspaper photographers ready to go along with them. These people left Duke's office in two cars, the photographers following the car of the GBI agents in which were Waller and Buzzi. Waller, in the company of Buzzi, succeeded in buying several sticks of dynamite from some poor, illiterate and ignorant well-diggers, at ten dollars per stick. Waller says they had the money to pay one hundred dollars per stick, or even more, for the dynamite if that had been necessary. But seventy or eighty dollars is a great amount of money to a poor well-digger. Immediately the GBI agents arrest Waller and the well-diggers, and the photographers start banging away, all as planned by Duke, and the Atlanta and New York agents of the Jewish-Gestapo. All of this happened on the morning of December 10, 1946.

That afternoon a great conference was held in the office of Eugene Cook, the Attorney General of Georgia, in which Sheldon spoke and said that Dan Duke had invited his organization to send agents into Georgia for the purpose of investigating the Columbians.

SCREAMING HEADLINES ABOUT DYNAMITE

That afternoon the Atlanta Journal roared forth with a huge headline—**TWO COLUMBIANS BARE AIMS OF TERRORISM**—and a great front-page story told about the conference in Cook's office. In a four-column space on the front-page appeared a photo in which Buzzi, Sheldon, Waller, Childers and others were displaying dynamite which was alleged to have been owned by our organization, when as a matter of fact it had been purchased by Waller at the direction of Dan Duke. Neither I nor any of us had any more to do with that dynamite than the man in the moon, but that huge photo on page one served the propaganda purposes of our enemies, as Dan Duke and his Jewish masters knew so well would be the case. The average person reading that paper received the impression, in no uncertain terms, that we had bought and owned that dynamite, and that our object was to dynamite Negro houses. Our enemies were trying to convict us in the minds of the public before our trials.

WE COUNTER-ATTACK

I was out of Atlanta at the time of this confer-

ence in Cook's office, being in Montgomery at the bedside of my ill mother, but as quickly as I heard of it over the radio, and in a front-page article in one of the Montgomery newspapers, I hurried to Atlanta. On December 12th I swore warrants against Renee Fruchtbaum, alias Renee Forrest; Mario Buzzi, alias James Falco, and Jacob Shapiro, alias Dr. James H. Sheldon. I accused them of having violated sections 26-4901 and 26-4902 of the Georgia Criminal Code; viz., of having illegally acted as detectives and policemen. None of them were citizens of Georgia, and none of them were legally authorized to act as detectives in the State of Georgia. According to the sections of the Criminal Code mentioned above—which were enacted by the Georgia Whiteman's legislature after the Reconstruction tyranny to fight Carpetbagger detective agencies—both of these requirements must be met. Sheldon had boasted in the press that his agents had acted as detectives, and the Anti-Nazi League in a form-letter—a copy of which is in my possession—actually boasted that Sheldon directed the investigation. Fruchtbaum had boasted that she was a "spy" within the Columbian organization. Dan Duke boasted in the press, and later under oath in court, that he invited the Anti-Nazi League to Atlanta to investigate our organization. The hearing on the Sheldon warrant came up on the 14th before Judge Quincy Arnold. Our attorney at the time, J. E. B. Stewart, called Congressman Wood of the

Un-American Activities Committee and he confirmed what we already knew that his committee had listed the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League as a Communist-front organization. We had tremendous evidence on our side. But in spite of all this, and the brave all-day courtroom battle waged by J. E. B. Stewart, the judge dismissed my warrant against Sheldon for lack of evidence! Later the judge told Ed Bridges, an Atlanta reporter and one of my witnesses who attended the conference in Cook's office, "*Ed, old boy, you had me scared for awhile. It looked like I was going to have to bind over Sheldon. I would had to have done so if you had said 'investigator' rather than 'investigating'!*" This same judge dismissed my warrant against Fruchtbaum in January, 1947 on practically identical circumstances. My warrant has never been served on Buzzi. He skipped town before it could be served, but I know one deputy in particular who is still anxious to serve it on him. The mills of the Lord grind slowly but exceeding fine.

WE ARE INDICTED

Armed with the so-called evidence, furnished by Buzzi, Sheldon, Fruchtbaum, Childers and Waller the Solicitor General (Prosecuting Attorney) E. E. Andrews went before the Fulton County grand jury on December 13th and obtained two indictments against me: illegal possession of dynamite and riot. In the riot indictment Andrews used as the State's

chief witness a young man with a lengthy criminal record, whom he had just indicted that very same day for car theft. This young man, Clarence Kight, later stated that the whole case against us was a frame-up. Ira Jett, a loyal and devoted member of our organization, was also indicted for illegal possession of dynamite. Our enemies, undoubtedly, wished with all their hearts that Ira Jett would weaken under such terrific strain and turn State's witness. But, thank God, Ira Jett did not testify to such a lie. I was so busily involved on the 14th in my courtroom battle against Sheldon that I did not make arrangements about my bail. Upon the conclusion of the Sheldon hearing I was imprisoned in the Atlanta Tower.

THE LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE DARK CLOUDS

While the grand jury was in session on the 13th Westbrook Pegler was firing away with some thunderous blasts against the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. His articles appear in the Atlanta Constitution. But Ralph McGill, Jew-stooge editor of that newspaper, held-up these articles during that time and did not publish the first of them until December 17th. McGill simply did not wish the grand jury to learn the truth about this deadly crowd of mongrelizing Jews and Negroes. As soon as I was released from the Tower on bail my friends showed me the first of these powerful articles, which had been published in New York. I viewed that article as the clear light of hope and victory

that always breaks forth through the dark clouds of disappointments and defeats, when men fight for a good and God-sanctioned cause. At long last a prominent and nationally known columnist had taken up the sword of truth, and with it was striking mortal-blows against the enemies of our people and race. Here are excerpts from the article:

New York.—A few days ago a startling story broke in the papers under an Atlanta dateline concerning a secret organization called the Columbians, which appears to be anti-Semitic and anti-Negro.

The "break" of the news story was contrived in dramatic fashion, revealing a professional touch. The only ground for the startling allegations was the "confessions" of two young backsliders, 18 and 21.

If this is a sinister and dangerous organization, however, it obviously is petty by comparison with the outfit which arranged the expose.

That organization is the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League of New York. It was organized in 1933 to boycott Hitler's Germany and, by other means, to oppose the rise of Hitlerism. In the years since it has become, by its own boast in the Atlanta case, a secret, private espionage system.

It has no official equal in the agencies of the United States government which even to this day do not include a "secret police" service of this type. . . .

The Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League has absolutely no standing as an official agency of any branch of the government nor does it present itself to the public as a secret police or detective agency. It operates in the guise of a group opposed to Hitlerism and similar

methods amounting to moral and political blackmail. In the Atlanta case, nevertheless, its agents boastfully told of their cleverness in worming their way into a private group.

The Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League has no more right to employ the methods that it did employ against the Columbians than it has to do the same thing to the Masons, the Knights of Columbus, to any innocent, law-abiding family or business organization. . . .

The President of the League is Herman Hoffman and the Treasurer is Isidore Lipschutz. Lipschutz is a refugee diamond broker from Belgium who appears to be either a rich man in his own right or to have large financial backing.

The day after the news of the League's coup in Atlanta, I telephoned the office of the League in New York to ask information. . .

After I asked the man with the accent whether Lipschutz were a citizen and he had answered "I couldn't tell you", he asked me, "Are you?"

"Yes", I said. "A native. Are you a citizen?"

"I am an African", he said, "An Abyssinian".

And when I asked his name he answered in gibberish, which may have been his name, at that. An American ear easily might have had trouble with his name, even if he had spelled it out.

Such is the experience of one loyal, native citizen of the United States in an honest approach, without jimmying, wire-tapping or pilfering, to this private espionage system, operating under the financial administration, possibly with the financial support, of Mr. Lipschutz, the Antwerp diamond broker.

E. E. Andrews, the solicitor-general of Atlanta, may feel pleased with the momentary and noisy results of his collaboration with the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. In that collaboration, however, the State has given official recognition to an organization no less secretive than the Columbians and much more efficient and, therefore more dangerous to the peace, freedom, privacy and dignity of the citizens of Georgia and all the other States.

I AM STRUCK A COWARDLY BLOW AS I SHAKE THE JUDGE'S HAND

During the course of my fight in Atlanta I appeared in court before Judge Edgar Pomeroy on a matter concerning our charter. Mr. Phil Davis of Tulsa, a well-known nationalist and a brilliant lawyer, accompanied me as counsel. Dan Duke appeared representing the State. The judge agreed to grant the request asked of him by Mr. Davis. Duke is a man with an extremely hot temper and was infuriated by this rebuff from the judge. I shook hands with the judge and said: "*Judge Pomeroy, I am glad that men like yourself are still on the bench, for as long as they are I know our Anglo-Saxon freedom is secure*". As quickly as I had uttered these words while my hand was in the hand of the judge, Duke comes rushing up behind me and strikes a heavy fist-blow upon my left-eye. The ring on his finger cut a gash above the eye. He gave me no chance whatever of protecting myself, as he ran up from behind my back, and struck the blow which I had no reason whatever to anticipate.

I was shaking the judge's hand, and I thought I was in a civilized courtroom. We were not, as the newspapers inferred, engaged in an argument; I was unaware that Duke was within hearing of my voice when I spoke to the judge. The judge did not cite Duke for contempt of his court. But it is reasonable to assume, however, that if I or any of my friends had done such a dastardly thing all of us would have been thrown under the jail. I had to swear an assault warrant against Duke. A preliminary hearing was held on this case and Duke asked for a jury. This case was on the calendar once to be heard by a jury, but the chief witness, the judge, was unavailable as he was reported to be ill. This incident—together with many others—proved to me that under the present tyranny of the Jews and their stooges a man has no more legal rights in reality than the power of the organization to which he belongs. I still have the bloody-handkerchief with which I wiped my bloody-face that day, and I shall ever keep it as a priceless memento of the struggle we are waging to put our country back into the hands of real Whitemen, and out of the hands of the tyrannical Duke-type Scalawag, and his Jewish Carpet Bagger masters. Again, the mills of the Lord grind slowly but exceeding fine!

THE JEWISH-GESTAPO AND MY TRIAL

My trial began February 19, 1947. Members of the Jewish-Gestapo were there in full force. Space

does not permit me to go into the details of the trial. But throughout its entire length the solicitor's office was in close collaboration with agents of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. They testified against me during the trial. There were in all three indictments against me, a total of seven counts. I was convicted on three counts, and sentenced to serve a year on each count, or a total of three years. In the opening statement the solicitor, entirely overlooking the simple and plain acts involved in the indictment, accused me of being the head of a conspiracy to overthrow the governments of the City of Atlanta, the State of Georgia and the United States. It was clearly a case of being indicted on one set of alleged facts and being tried on another. This is the typical technique of the Jewish-Gestapo in its frantic effort to destroy our American civil liberties. One of the trial jurors also served on the grand jury that indicted me. The Jew-controlled press had prejudiced the jury against me. Any and all kinds of so-called evidence was allowed against me, but members and friends who wished to offer evidence for me were not allowed to do so. I was not even allowed to enter the State-granted charter as evidence of our objectives and ideals. I had the officials of the railroad where I had been employed as character witnesses, but their testimony was not allowed. Neither of the two lawyers I had—W. George Thomas of Atlanta, and Herman Ross of Tennessee—were acquainted with the vicious

trial-tactics of the Jewish-Gestapo. Mr. Ross, a brave fighter for the Whiteman's cause, is a kinsman of President Andrew Jackson, and the same spirit lives in him that lived in Old Hickory, but his straightforward honesty was no equal to the devilish cleverness of the Gestapo. The judge during my trial was Carl Crow of Camilla, Georgia—a judge out of the Atlanta area and a man who, one would think, would not be prejudiced against me—but I challenge anyone to read the record without having the thought driven home to him that the Jewish-Gestapo was well-pleased with his performance. The judge erred over and over again. I was found guilty—as the Jews, their contemptible Scalawags and the mongrelizing Negroes laughed and giggled—and was sentenced to serve on what is commonly called the chain-gang. I told the jury that if I were guilty of having done anything wrong then every Whiteman of the Southland who feels that his Way of Life is threatened with destruction is also guilty with me. Thank God there is a higher authority than the verdict of that courtroom. That authority rests within the sovereign will of the Whitemen and Whitewomen of America, and the day is coming—in spite of all the Carpet-Baggers and Scalawags—when that sovereign will shall give its approval to everything I did in Atlanta in 1946-47. I told a reporter, after hearing the anathema of Judge Crow, that the conviction would only strengthen my de-

termination to do my part in saving the Whiteman's Way of Life. Boyce McTyre, my dear friend who has stood by me in all of my struggles, proudly signed my appeal bond, as a photographer banged away, using his home as the security. The case has been in the courts since that time.

AFFIDAVITS ADMITTING PERJURY

James Akin was among the first three members of the Columbians. He gave his life to the principles for which we fought, and asked nothing in return except the satisfaction of feeling that he was helpful, a little food and a cot in the Columbian offices. I trusted him as a brother. I knew neither Waller nor Childers very well. But I loved James Akin and saw in him one of the most valuable members of the movement. It is difficult to believe but he, too became a backslider. The thought of prison doors closing on him as one pathway, and the alternative of an unlimited amount of money, ease and luxury for the rest of his life, made the decision for him. But in June, 1947, after the trials, his conscience hurt him so badly that he decided to come forward and tell the whole miserable story about the frame-up. He admitted in an affidavit that he perjured during the trials, and stated that he was willing, if necessary, to serve time to right the wrong that he had done. He stated that he was threatened by the solicitor's office with twenty years imprison-

ment if he didn't forsake the Columbians and testify against them. He stated that Dan Duke had told him that if someone would kill the leadership of the Columbians that he would see to it that the murderer would go free. Lanier Waller has also come forward since then and written an affidavit in which he attests to our innocence, and in which he tells about the vicious technique of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. An affidavit of Mrs. Maud Rainey, a member of the organization, states that Paul Webb, an assistant solicitor at the time, tried to persuade her to perjure. I have also in my possession other affidavits as evidence that there was—and still is today—a deliberate conspiracy on the part of the Jewish-Gestapo and its stooges to deny me my constitutional rights.

THE EXTRAORDINARY MOTION

Last summer, after the case proper had gone up through the Georgia courts and the conviction had been confirmed, I filed an extraordinary motion based upon the Akin affidavit. By the supreme effort of my lawyers, James Venable and Jackson Barwick of Atlanta, I finally succeeded in having it recognized, but my bond was raised from \$3000 to \$6000. J. L. Shipp of Atlanta, one of my dearest friends, Boyce McTyre, and another dear friend Marshall Adams, finally succeeded in making the bond. Soon thereafter I went to Baltimore and

worked as an architectural draftsman, until the Jews brought such pressure against my employer that I was released. Everywhere I work the Jews cause me this kind of trouble. I could write a book about this phase of my fight.

THE VICIOUSNESS OF THE JEWISH-GESTAPO

The Jewish-Gestapo does not only wish to put behind bars, and exterminate, those who have the courage to oppose it, but it also goes after all those who are friendly with its enemies. Both of my lawyers have been approached by Gestapo efforts to have them drop me as a client. The Jewish-Gestapo tried to send one of my lawyers, James Venable, to prison on a trumped-up charge. He was indicted for attempt to bribe on the basis of testimony by an Assistant Solicitor that he had offered him \$500 to be used as a bribe to get a suspended sentence for one of his clients. This same Assistant Solicitor later resigned and gave to the press his reason for doing so the pressure that Paul Webb, who is now Solicitor General, had exerted against him in the Venable case. The case was *nol prossed*. Venable told the press that Webb brought this indictment against him because he had the courage to file the Akin extraordinary motion in my case. This incident is typical of the extent to which the Gestapo will go in its efforts to exterminate not only its open foes, but the friends and even lawyers of its foes. Until it is stamped out and the blasphemy,

the foul hypocrisy, and the treason of its stooges, the traditional rights of the Whiteman in America cannot be secure. It is composed of cowardly bullies who do not dare act openly, but must work forever in an undercover and underground manner, worming their way into our homes, schools, churches, politics and courts. It breeds on the poisonous philosophy of turning Whiteman against Whiteman, and springs from the cess-pools of the mongrelizers.

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